Stumble Down,

Richard Buckner

Stumble Down,
I hope you win. You've been around
(so you said). Did you find someone who
wouldn't mind the time we found with
nothing left to find? It was dead in the
storm.
Were you led? Were you warned?
Will you stay (now) until the fits are fine?
Traced & Torn

Somewhere, just outside, locked out & stashed
away: How do you get back okay? Did you spend
what you'd hoped to hide, cold & saved? Was it
worth the weight?
Made & moved: "It's just a passing mood.

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